



Fusch pins!

75 to 12
Hark

SORROWS.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

PENELOPE.

—IPSO SESE SOLATIO CRUCIABAT.—

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TO THE READER.

THE following little works were written to relieve a mind overburthened with grief, and are here collected as a frail monument, designed to withhold for a moment, from the grasp of oblivion, one loved “not wisely, but too well.”

They have small pretensions to poetical merit; but they are the expressions of real feelings;

*E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp' era,
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core,
In qualche modo, non d'acquistar fama.*

Receive them with complacency, gentle reader, and mayest thou never experience the sorrows they describe!



Stoner del.

Asbourne Hall.

SONNET I.

Life's summer flown, the wint'ry tempest rude
Began to lower on the declining year ;
When smiles celestial gilt the prospect drear,
Dispell'd the gloom, and joyful spring renew'd :

Fresh flowers beneath her fairy feet were strew'd ;
Again soft accents woo'd the enchanted ear ;
In her bright form, as in a mirrour clear,
Reflected, each gay scene of life I view'd.

Young in her youth, and graceful in her grace,
In her's, I lived o'er every joy again ;
Lived o'er the charms that beam'd upon her face,

Where Hope and Love revived their smiling train.
Night o'er the scene her blackest veil has spread ;
And Death's pale hand a tenfold horror shed.

SONNET II.

Why died I not before that fatal morn,
That thunder'd in mine ears, "thy Child is gone;
"Thy joys are fled to heaven; thy hope is done;
"And thy few days to come are all forlorn!"

Why, when the stroke, too heavy to be borne,
Had smote affrighted Reason from her throne,
And life's chill power suspended; why, too soon,
Did the warm current to its course return!

Twice twenty summer suns had roll'd away,
And seen my hours a clear smooth surface flow;
Prepared already nature's debt to pay;

Scarce would my head have shrunk beneath the blow.
Why now, in misery, do I lingering stay,
While happiness foregone but mocks my woe?

SONNET III.

Did I not weep for him that was in pain!
Was not my hand still open to distress!
When did my harden'd heart the weak oppress,
Or Misery tell her plaintive tale in vain!

Did ever crime this bleeding bosom stain,
Or injured sufferer claim unpaid redress!
Envy, or hate, or pride, my soul possess;
Or wounded truth of broken laws complain!

Fate to my humble hopes one blessing gave,
And no new gift my grateful breast required;
“ *O Heaven! the object of my love but save!*”

Was the sole boon my pious prayers desired:
Why then has angry Heaven, at one dire blow,
For ever laid my sorrowing head so low?

SONNET IV.

Darwin! had mortal science e'er avail'd
To save from Fate's irrevocable doom;
Death had not cropp'd the pride of beauty's bloom;
Nor I my loss with ceaseless tears bewail'd.

When the last efforts of thy art had fail'd,
And all my thoughts were wedded to the tomb,
Thy mild philosophy repell'd the gloom,
And bade me bear the ills on life entail'd:

Not with vain precepts, which the unwounded breast
Dictates, at ease, to sufferings never known;
But lenient charms, that calm'd thy soul to rest,

When the dire pangs I felt were once thine own.
"That she from woes like mine was ta'en away;
"And few the sorrowing days I here shall stay."

SONNET V.

Death! thy cold hand the brightest flower has chill'd,
That e'er suffused Love's cheek with rosy dies;
Quench'd the soft radiance of the loveliest eyes,
And accents, tuned to sweetest musick, still'd;

The springing buds of hope and pleasure kill'd;
Joy's cheerful measures changed to doleful sighs:
Of fairest form, and fairest mind, the ties
For ever rent in twain.—So Heaven has will'd!

Though in the bloom of health thy arrow fled,
Sudden as sure; long had prophetick dread
Hung o'er my heart, and all my thoughts depress'd.

Oft, when in flowery wreaths I saw her dress'd,
A beauteous victim seem'd to meet my eyes,
To early fate a destined sacrifice.

SONNET VI.

What art thou, Life! the shadow of a dream:
The past and future dwell in thought alone;
The present, ere we note its flight, is gone;
And all ideal, vain, fantastick, seem.

Whence is thy source! and whither dost thou tend!
So short thy period, and thy form so frail;
Poor prisoner! pent in Death's surrounding vale,
Born but to breathe, to suffer, and to end.

Why, Shadow, bring'st thou on thy raven wing,
Dark trains of grief, and visions of the night,
Rather than graces, robed in purple light,

Elysian flowers, and love's unclouded spring;
Since sad, or gay, whatever be thy theme,
Death surely ends at once the dreamer and the dream!

SONNET VII.

Zephyr returns, and leads the sprightly May,
With leaves, and herbs, and flowers, her gaudy train;
Sad Philomel renews her melting strain;
The meadows laugh; serenely shines the day;
And hill and dale their opening sweets display.

Jove smiles on Venus; and her gentle reign,
Whatever earth, or air, or seas contain,
With joyful impulse hastens to obey.

For me, reviving Nature springs in vain!
Instead of pleasures, deeper sighs are drawn;
The vernal gales, the birds, the daisied plain,
The light air'd nymphs that gaily trip the lawn,
Are but the sad associates of the pain
That fills my heart, where joy no more shall dawn.

SONNET VIII.

I scent the well-known air ; and now appear
The verdant hills, where first those lights did rise,
That fill'd, while it pleased Heaven, my dotting eyes
With love and joy ; and now with many a tear.

Ye scenes, how changed, that used my heart to cheer !
The stream runs turbid, and the verdure dies ;
Dark is the room, where cold and vacant lies
The couch, once warm with all my soul held dear.

The allies green, where with her youthful band
She sported, now return no cheerful sound ;
The flowery boughs that clasp'd the window round,
Aloft in air, by amorous zephyrs fann'd,
Where like a radiant star she oft would stand,
Now trail their weeping blossoms on the ground.



Sir Joshua Reynolds pinx

T. Kirk sculp

PELVICPA
E. S. N.

Dei obsequio ne moria, terra utpote

SONNET IX.

The birds their melancholy descants pour,
Mid the green boughs, to summer's breath that wave;
The gurgling falls the pebbly margent lave;
And with soft murmurs soothe the shadowy bower,
 Where, sad and pensive, many a mournful hour
I write, and weep, and ponder on the grave.
Here oft the form of her whom Heaven once gave,
And now the tomb's insatiate jaws devour,
 As when alive, I see; answering my sighs;
"Ah, why," she pitying says, "ah, why in vain,
"Do tears incessant dim those sorrowing eyes!
 "Suspend thy grief; no more for me complain;
"Though here on earth thou saw'st life's roses fade,
"That form thou loved'st so well is now immortal made!"

SONNET X.

Behold yon Spire, that glitters to the sun!
There Earth's cold arms my all of bliss enclose;
And there this weary head shall soon repose,
When hopeless pangs, and memory's throbs are done.

There, when their course in honour'd peace was run,
O'er my loved Parents' grave the tear that flows,
When the last pious rites a son bestows,
Twice sadly fell ere a third year begun.

There, there, O Grief, thou know'st the piteous tale!
My life's fair promise, early broken, lies:
Since those bright hues were changed to deadly pale,
To ope no more were closed those radiant eyes,
All that on earth remains, shall ne'er avail
To stop unfailing tears and endless sighs.

SONNET XI.

Go, plaintive strain, to yon dim cloisters go!
Where, cold and silent, the insatiate tomb
Hides my soul's treasure in its marble womb;
There breathe my pains in dying accents low.

Invoke her sainted shade, that on my woe,
Looks down with pitying smile: tell her, I come,
To the dark confines of my long last home,
Where the poor heart eternal rest shall know.

Tell her, mine eyes are weary of the sun;
Tired with my journey through this vale of tears,
With joy I feel life's sand is almost run.

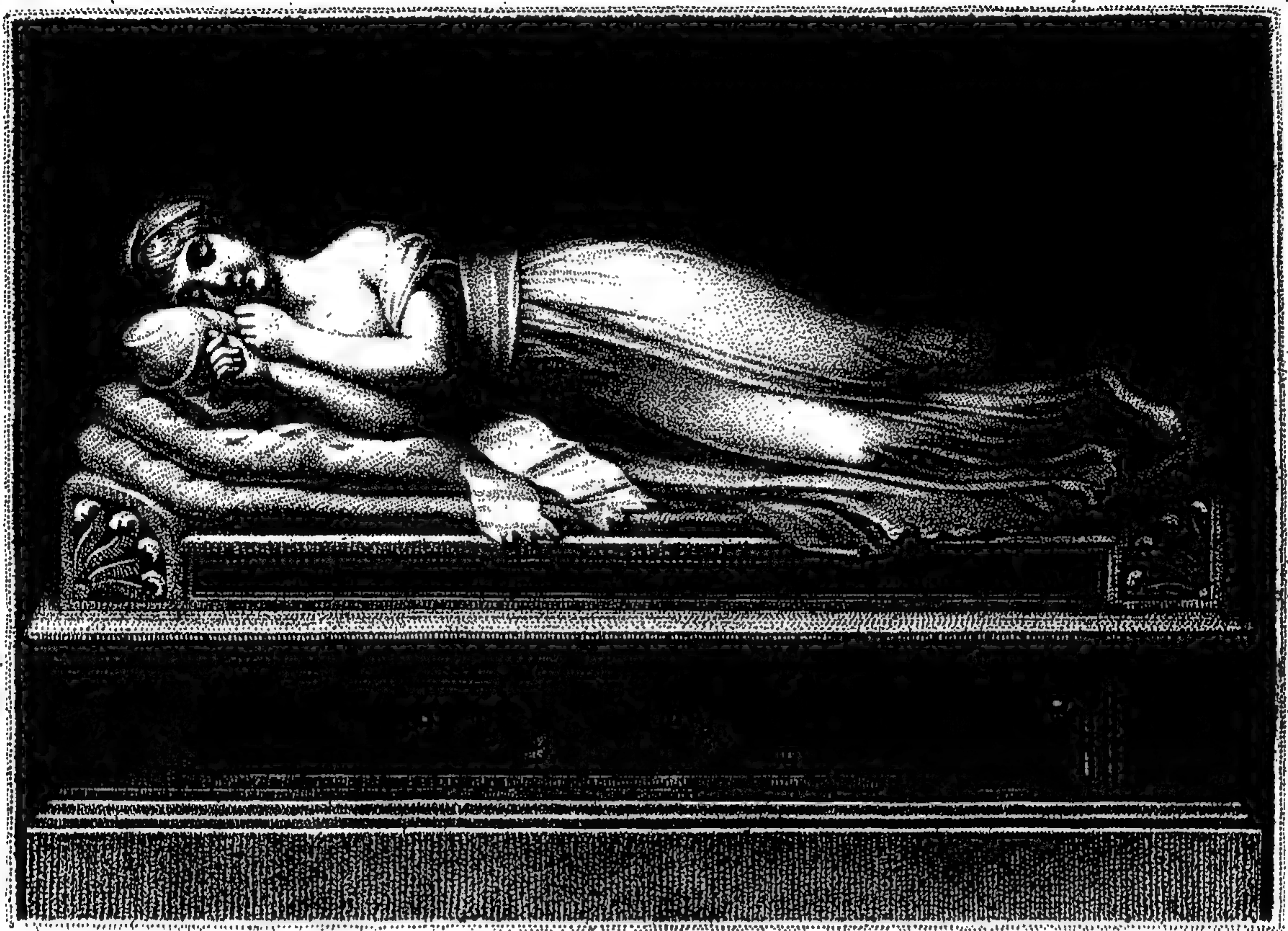
Farewell, O world! and all thy hopes and fears!
Long lost to pleasure, since that fatal day,
That snatch'd, in beauty's spring, my Child away.

SONNET XII.

Well has thy classick chisel, Banks, express'd
The graceful lineaments of that fine form,
Which late with conscious, living beauty warm,
Now here beneath does in dread silence rest.

And, oh, while life shall agitate my breast,
Recorded there exists her every charm,
In vivid colours, safe from change or harm,
Till my last sigh unalter'd love attest.

That form, as fair as ever fancy drew,
The marble cold, inanimate, retains;
But of the radiant smile, that round her threw
Joys, that beguiled my soul of mortal pains,
And each divine expression's varying hue,
A little senseless dust alone remains.



Done in. Marble by T. Banks R.A. in Ashbourne Church.

SONNET XIII.

Though since my date of woe long years have roll'd,
Darkness ne'er draws the curtains round my head,
Nor orient morning opes her eyes of gold,
But Grief pursues my walks, or haunts my bed.

Visions, in sleep, their tristful shapes unfold;
Show Misery living, Hope and Pleasure dead,
Pale shrouded Beauty, kisses faint and cold,
Or murmur words the parting Angel said.

Thoughts, when awake, their wonted trains renew;
With all their stings my tortured breast assail;
Her faded form now glides before my view;

Her plaintive voice now floats upon the gale.
The hope how vain, that time should bring relief!
Time does but deeper root a real grief.

SONNET XIV.

'Tis midnight. All lies hush'd in dread repose.
Troubled with dreams, I leave my restless bed,
To seek the silent mansions of the dead:
Sad, soothing scenes, congenial to my woes!

The moon her melancholy lustre throws
O'er the dim yews, that darkest shadows spread;
Where Sorrow rests in peace her weary head,
And the still heart nor joy nor anguish knows.

—'Twas but the wind that sigh'd among the leaves!
No plaintive murmur issued from the tomb:—
There, with no pang the tranquil bosom heaves,
Nor hope, nor love, nor grief, nor memory come.
Open, O Earth, thy hospitable breast!
Stretch thy cold arms, receive another guest!

SONNET XV.

Dear Mansergh! of the few this breast who share,
And share in pitying sympathy its woe,
You best my vast excess of passion know,
And all the sorrow I am doom'd to bear,
While thoughts can present with the past compare.
Shall memory e'er that summer-day forego,
When thy fair Mate did every care bestow,
And vermeil fruits and fragrant wreaths prepare,
In honour of my Child, to dress the bower!
And when the sweet epitome of grace
Tripp'd o'er the walks, and honied every flower,
You mark'd the opening beauties of her face;
Mark'd how my captured soul was lost in love,
And trembled for the dire reverse I prove.

SONNET XVI.

My Fuseli! before thy ken of thought,
Imagination's world expanded lies;
And to ideal shapes, in orient dies,
To give a breathing form thy art has taught.

Witness yon bright illusion thou hast wrought,
With pictured bliss, to cheat these weary eyes,
And raise my drooping spirit to the skies,
On Fancy's wing to scenes celestial brought.

'Tis Immortality that sounds the call!
Lo, the mild angel to receive her bends!
From the dark disk of this terraqueous ball,

The spotless shade to her own heaven ascends.
The towering Day-star, smiling, points the way
To glorious regions, bright with cloudless ray!

SONNET XVII.

Bright, crisped threads of pure, translucent gold !
Ye, who were wont with Zephyr's breath to play ;
O'er the warm cheek, and ivory forehead stray ;
Or clasp her neck in many an amorous fold ;
 Now, motionless, this little shrine must hold ;
No more to wanton in the eye of day,
Or to the breeze your changing hues display ;
For ever still, inanimate, and cold !
 Poor, poor, last relic of an angel face !
Sad setting ray, no more thy orb is seen !
O, Beauty's pattern, miracle of grace,
 Must this be all that tells what thou hast been !
Come then, cold crystal, on this bosom lie,
Till Love, and Grief, and fond Remembrance die !

SONNET XVIII.

Hast thou been wont to drop the lucid tear,
That o'er Love's smiles involuntary strays!
Has thy lost soul oft hung in fixed gaze,
On eyes, the pole-stars of thy joy and fear!

Hast thou to one, than all the world more dear,
Devoted watchful nights and anxious days,
A blooming plant of heavenly birth to raise;
And mark'd each hour some latent grace appear!

Should now the source of Love's soft tears be dry;
Should the fair stars be set to rise no more;
Scatter'd and pale, the roseate petals lie;

And all thy earthly cares and joys be o'er:
Still can the Muse recall the soothing sigh,
And to the troubled breast a moment's calm restore.

SONNET XIX.

Yes, there's a charm in grief; the heart-drawn tears,
That down my breast so oft in silence flow,
I would not for the warmest joys forego,
When Hope's bright beam the youthful bosom cheers.

Though to these eyes if heaven's fair face appears,
O'er the gay scene their veil dim sorrows throw;
And Love's soft melody is tuned to woe,
If chance Love's melody salute mine ears:

Yet did I stand on Lethe's fabled shore,
My tortured heart would fly the proffer'd cure,
Though grief and memory might at once be o'er;

And rather Sorrow's sharpest pangs endure,
Than lose of that dear form the thought alone,
In faded beauty, lifeless, pale, and gone.

SONNET XX.

Thy charms, great Nature! once could soothe my breast,
And chase life's sad solitudes away ;
Stretch'd in thy secret bowers, as oft I lay,
Each passion calm, and every sigh at rest.

Then, as bright fancy's tints the landscape dress'd,
To worlds ideal could I wing my way,
With fairer forms, through happier regions stray,
And picture joys, less real when possess'd:

Then waked to ecstasy the ravish'd sense ;
And young existence, felt in every vein,
Could to the heart sweet sympathies dispense,

Unpall'd by pleasure, unimpair'd by pain.
Now, bright illusions, all your powers are o'er!
Cold is the bosom ye shall warm no more.

SONNET XXI.

Not silvery stars that gem the robe of night;
Nor painted vessels, bounding o'er the main;
Nor gallant bands of warriors on the plain;
Nor theatres, in gorgeous pomp bedight;

Not labour's song, that makes the task seem light;
Nor tales of love, in high and artful strain;
Nor, by fresh fountain's side, the virgin train,
Winning the ear with accents of delight;

Can charm my sorrows: to these weary eyes,
The world is one vast desert, wild and drear;
Dead, like my hopes, all Nature's works appear;

And sunk the sun of joy, no more to rise.
The step of Grace, and Beauty's radiant bloom,
Are but mementos of the mouldering tomb.

SONNET XXII.

“ Thousands each day a loss like thine sustain !

“ Fair though she was, as morning’s opening ray ;

“ On tenderest forms Death most delights to prey ;

“ Then why of nature’s common lot complain !

“ Learn of the world ; from useless sighs refrain ;

“ Can tears recall her to the cheerful day !

“ Youth, grace, and beauty, hourly fleet away ;

“ To weep irrevocable fate, how vain !”

Obdurate Comforter ! shall others’ woe,

Soften the bitter anguish I endure !

Or sorrow’s fountains sadly cease to flow,

That the dire ills they mourn admit no cure !

Thy precepts, Stoic pride, bring no relief ;

Thy voice ne’er touch’d the averted ear of grief !

SONNET XXIII.

DIFFUGERE NIVES.

The snows are gone: the Hours, with rosy hand,
Fling o'er the earth gay blossoms as they go;
Fresh woods and meads with living verdure glow;
And Youth and Beauty lead the choral band.

As in Time's glass still runs the unceasing sand,
Revolving months in quick succession flow;
And warn us, "*all is mortal here below.*"

To fragrant summer, spring resigns the land;

To fruitful autumn, fragrant summer yields,
Then winter's desolating storms appear;
And spring again resumes her native fields.

Grateful the change: but *our* declining year
Knows no new morn to renovate its light;
For ever buried in the shades of night.

SONNET XXIV.

Of *natural life* explore the sad amount !
The sum is weakness, want, disease, and death.
The cry of pain commences with the breath ;
And dying groans complete the dire account.

What does *the cultured intellect* achieve !
What, but to feel to exquisite extent
Pangs of the mind ; new evils to invent ;
And all the past and future to perceive.

How *social laws* the natural ills restrain ;
How man on man is taught no more to prey ;
Let human history's crime-stain'd page explain ;

In types of blood their statute-books display ;
War's horrid art ; commerce in man that deals ;
Dread superstition's threats ; and torture's racks and wheels !

ELEGY.

Ye vales, that echo to my plaintive cries ;
Swell'd with my tears, ye falls, that murmuring flow ;
Soft breathing airs, that mingle with my sighs ;
Sweet birds, that melt in melody of woe ;

Hid with dark alders from the blaze of day,
In yon cool stream, ye herds, that silent stand ;
Where silvery shoals approach in amorous play,
Or in light leaps pursue the insect-band ;

Green winding paths, that once to pleasure led,
And now in misery end ; where still my feet,
By custom drawn, bend with unconscious tread,
And every well known turn unbid repeat ;

Flowers, that at eve your silken petals close,
And charged with dew drops, bend your pensive heads ;
While night's pale queen her mildest radiance throws,
And the soft gale rich streams of fragrance sheds ;

Sweet soothing scenes of bliss, and of despair ;
Full of the loves that brighten'd once my day ;
Full of the griefs I now am doom'd to bear,
To you once more I tune my trembling lay !

Stretch wide, ye groves, your vast umbrageous arms;
Hide me, O hide me, in your deepest dell;
Far from the world, and all its idle charms,
In these lone haunts, let me and Sorrow dwell!—

Insensate hope! fate mocks my humble vow;
Now, to these shades I bid a last adieu;
And go, with fifty winters on my brow,
To act life's sad insanities anew.

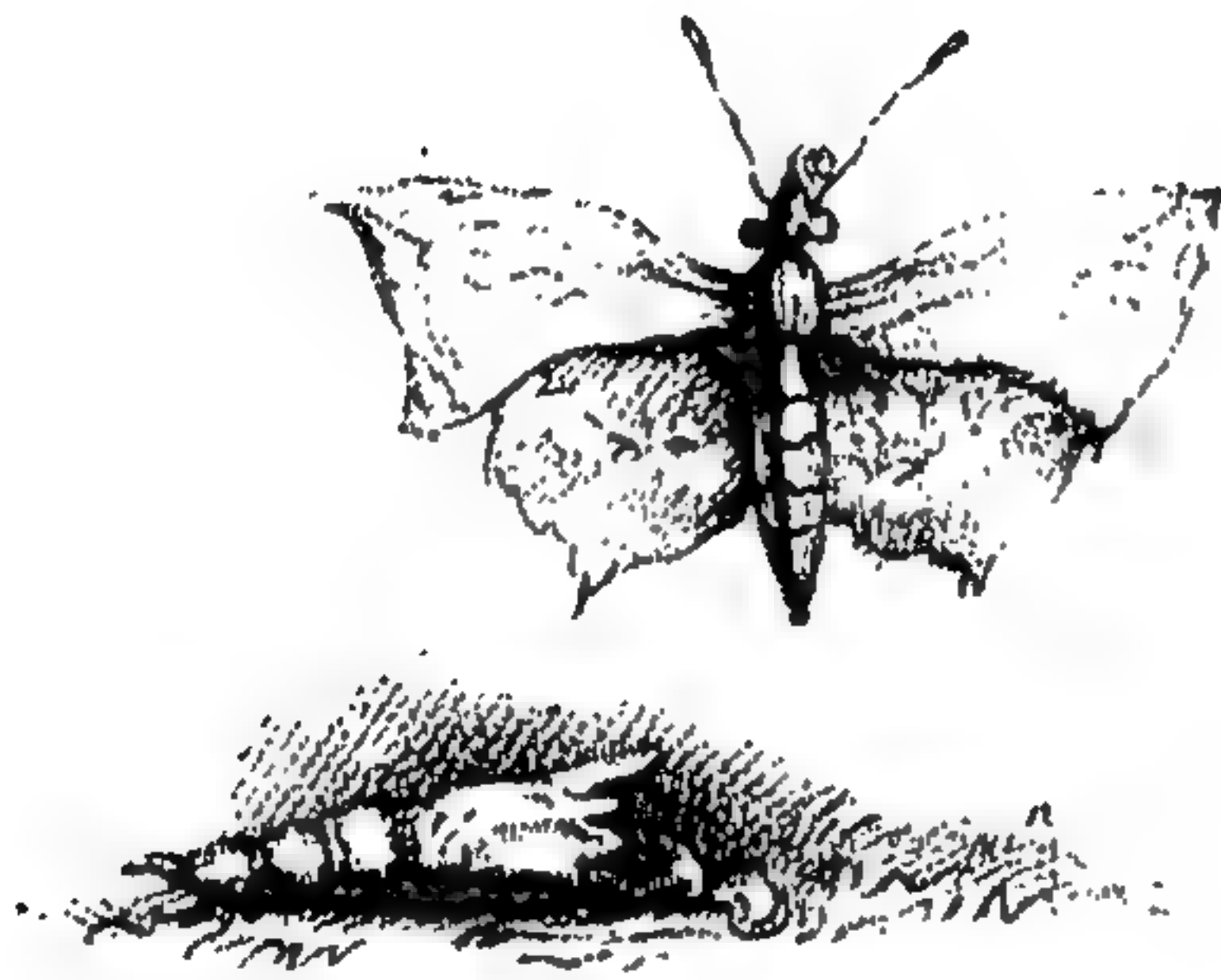
And when the short, cold, lingering scene is o'er;
Raised with no graces, warm'd with no applause;
When love and sorrow move this heart no more,
And her eternal veil oblivion draws;

Dropp'd from existence, like a scattered tear
In the vast waves of time's unfathom'd sea;
While still to some kind friend my name sounds dear,
And love's fond traces have not ceased to be;

That friend shall penetrate the sacred gloom,
And bear my relicks to yon hallow'd shrine;
Where, join'd for ever in the silent tomb,
My Child's pure ashes shall be mix'd with mine.

Such mortal life! of elements combined,
Snatch'd from surrounding nature's ample store;
Soon to the common stock again resign'd,
To feel, to think, to love, and weep, no more.

But if the flame that vibrates in my heart,
—Willing—self-moved—essence too fine to die—
When disencumber'd of its mortal part,
On morning's wing shall mount yon lunar sky ;
As here my Child was wont these eyes to meet,
With joy's warm blush, and winning smiles of love,
On heaven's bright threshold she my soul shall greet,
Her hand shall lead me to the realms above,
To those glad fields, bless'd seats, and happy bowers,
Where purer ether sheds a purple day,
Crown me with wreaths of ever blooming flowers,
And sorrow's tear for ever wipe away !



*Quæritur se exulare, jam senescentem, cùm deberet potius frui
patriâ. Ov. El. L. iv. E. viii.*

ELEGY.

Now the down of the swan o'er my temples is spread,
And grief and misfortune have bow'd down my head;
Now old age is at hand, and each sorrowful day
Something adds to the load, as the strength wears away;
'Twere fitting, the little that life had to last,
Free from care and alarm might have quietly pass'd;
That in studious repose, to my bosom still dear,
Soft peace might have ended an humble career;
In the house of my fathers, ah! too much my pride!
On a wife's faithful breast have securely relied;
With a few dear companions, who knowing my heart,
Had to faults been indulgent, where that had no part;
Till the marble, in wait for the rest of its prey,
To eternal oblivion had snatch'd me away;
To her again join'd, at whose sad, early doom,
All my joys, hopes, and pleasures, were hid in the tomb.
Such once was my wish, nor unworthy to know
The calm that an innocent life should bestow;

But vain were my projects, my wishes all vain ;
No repose, no retirement, must soften my pain ;
Strange masters my meadows and groves shall possess ;
For them, my loved plants wear their beautiful dress.
To new regions I go ; unfriended, alone,
Rejected, forgotten, unpitied, unknown.
Doom'd, perhaps, to behold my dear country no more,
My bones shall lie white on some far distant shore ;
O'er my poor scatter'd relicks no sorrows be shed,
And nameless the dust that flies over my head.



STANZAS.

DOVER. MAY, 1791.

Will the lost heart, undone with grief,
From change, or motion, find relief!
No; though thy course were swifter than the wind.
The rapid car, lo, Misery guides;
See, Sorrow climb the vessel's sides;
Ah, wretch! thou can'st not leave thyself behind.

Poor, stricken deer, thy speed, how vain!
Flight does but irritate thy pain;
The mortal arrow rankles in thy breast.
To the dark covert sadly go,
And there, resign'd to ceaseless woe,
Breathe out thy suffering soul, and be at rest.

*Arbourne Church.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

—NOS NUMERUS SUMUS—

The preceding work, not being sufficient to form a volume, the authour has added the following poetical exercises, which, of themselves, he should perhaps have thought scarcely worthy to be presented to the publick.



Glover del.

Byrne Sculp.

View in the Grounds of Ashbourne Hall.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING TO THE COUNTRY. 1788.

O, how my sad and weary spirit loves
Again to visit these delightful shades!
To wander pensive through the silent groves,
Or trace the windings of yon silvery glades!
Beloved retreat, where every tree is hung
With some fond record of a brighter day;
Sociate of joy, when Love and Hope were young,
And life's full spring in roseate blossom gay.

Come, Solitude! soft nurse of calm repose;
Sweet, friendly charmer of the troubled breast;
Soothe, with thy lenient spells, my lighten'd woes,
And gently lull declining life to rest.

Hence, from the confines of this sacred bower,
Tumultuous joys, that fame or grandeur give!
Here let me learn to prize the passing hour,
And, careless of the next, securely live.

For why should man o'er distant evils groan,
Or court the pleasures of a doubtful day;
Exist in dim futurity alone,
Yet chide the suns that roll too swift away?

Few are the wants the virtuous bosom knows,
And few the pleasures innocence requires;
Bless'd with the good that Heaven on all bestows;
Nor passion's slave, nor harass'd by desires.

Passions, perpetual springs of bliss or pain!
Imperious tyrants of the conquer'd mind!
In peace eternal would the soul remain,
Could we but cast your iron chains behind.

Cursed is the sordid slave, to avarice sold,
Whose darken'd breast admits no genial ray;
Let him still pledge his last, best hope for gold,
And steal, unblest, from hated life away.

Cursed is the wretch, whose insolence shall dare
To think mankind for his ambition born ;
Bound in the chains he wish'd the world to wear,
O, may he live the mark of public scorn.

And cursed the selfish heart, that ne'er has known
The god-like power of blessing to employ ;
That ne'er has wept for sufferings not his own,
Or shared the transport of another's joy.

These are the dire diseases of the soul,
The gnawing ulcer, or wild fever's rage ;
The well-wrought breast ne'er felt their dread controll,
Or sought in vain their anguish to assuage.

But ye, who gently flow a milder tide,
Passions that love in feeling breasts to dwell !
To every softer virtue near allied,
How hard your sweet seductions to repel !

Whose heartfelt accents can to kindness charm
The fierce, uplifted hand of rage, or hate ;
Suspended woe to ecstasy can warm,
Or gild with transient beam the darkest fate.

Yet are we taught, by honour's rigid laws,
Life's only joys unworthy of the wise ;
And bearded sages pay, with sad applause,
The fools who nature's kindest boon despise.

O love! thou sacred band of human kind!
Sweet balm of life! soft solace of our woe!
Best, dearest gift, by pitying Heaven design'd
To compensate for all the ills below!

But, ah, vain thoughts, why fondly do you err;
Must treacherous reason plead on passion's side!
—Who to the sea-gods useless prayers prefer,
When anchor'd safe within the land they ride!

Shall I, upon whose early-whitening crest,
Autumnal frosts have shed a silver stain;
Shall I, in faded garlands idly dress'd,
With lingering step still haunt gay pleasure's train!

No; sacred WISDOM, prostrate at thy shrine,
An humble votary let me henceforth live,
Sublimest idol of the soul divine,
Thy worship only lasting peace can give.

What though vain man thy heavenly name assume,
To sanctify each favourite folly's reign;
And this would place thee in the cloister's gloom;
And this thy seat at sensual revels feign;

At thy approach the empty phantoms fade,
Like forms of night before the orient ray;
While on immortal truth's broad basis laid,
Thy pillar'd throne shall brave the world's decay.

For me, whose roofs yon shadowy mountains hide,
Far in the calm and shelter'd vale of life;
Too high for insult, and too low for pride;
Uncall'd to join the cry of venal strife;

Not born, corruption's foe, alone to stand,
Nor doom'd to aid a haughty tyrant's sway;
With harden'd heart my equals to command;
With soul debased, my equals to obey:

No ruder duties does my lot require,
Than the sweet cares of husband, father, friend;
By fair example virtue to inspire,
The poor to succour, or the weak defend.

Come then, fair Wisdom, guide my gentle task;
OH HEAVEN, THE OBJECT OF MY LOVE BUT SAVE!
Till life shall end, no other boon I ask;
Then mark these lines upon my humble grave.

*If for the few short, fleeting, years to come,
Ere those my soul held dearest cease to breathe,
Friendship shall weep upon this lowly tomb
Or Love adorn it with a cypress wreath;*

*In holy peace shall these sad relicks rest;
They ask no trophies, and desire no fame;
Soothed with the sighing of a friendly breast,
More than that ages should repeat my name.*

EHEU! FUGACES—

O Edward! Edward! how the fleeting years,
In silent lapse, glide on their destined way;
Nor suppliant hands, nor unavailing tears,
Can win one winged hour beyond its time to stay.

But yesterday, our youth was in its prime,
And now our brows with silver hairs are spread;
Lo! Age and Death, urged by relentless Time,
Advance to seize their prey with firm, unerring tread.

Then must we leave the scenes we loved so well;
Leave the dear bosom of the tender wife,
The trembling joys in fathers' hearts that dwell,
And all the gentle cares, and warm delights of life.

These verdant fields, these cool, refreshing bowers,
To other eyes must their gay robes display;
And the fair forms of all my plants and flowers,
But once more lend their sweets to deck their master's clay.

E'en thy tried friendship then must cease to be;
Save when in memory's sweet and silent hour,
Thy mental eye departed times shall see,
And sadly-pleasing tears adown thy bosom pour.

SEPTIMI GADES—

Dear George, my long-loved Edward's gracious son ;
Whether we climb old Dubris' * awful steep,
When the wild tempest drives impetuous on,
And eye the terrours of the angry deep ;

Or further go, where lucid Leman † shines,
Closed in his snow-capt hills and piney walls ;
And pluck ripe clusters from the bending vines,
By Clarens' groves, or Meillerie's murmuring falls :

Still to sweet Ashbourne turns my weary mind,
Sweet Ashbourne, shelter'd in thy humble vale ;
O let my age a peaceful refuge find,
Beneath thy shadowy limes and poplars pale !

What though stern winter love to linger there,
And spring, a tardy guest, too late appear ;
No spicy odours load the tepid air,
Or purple vintage crown the mellowing year ;

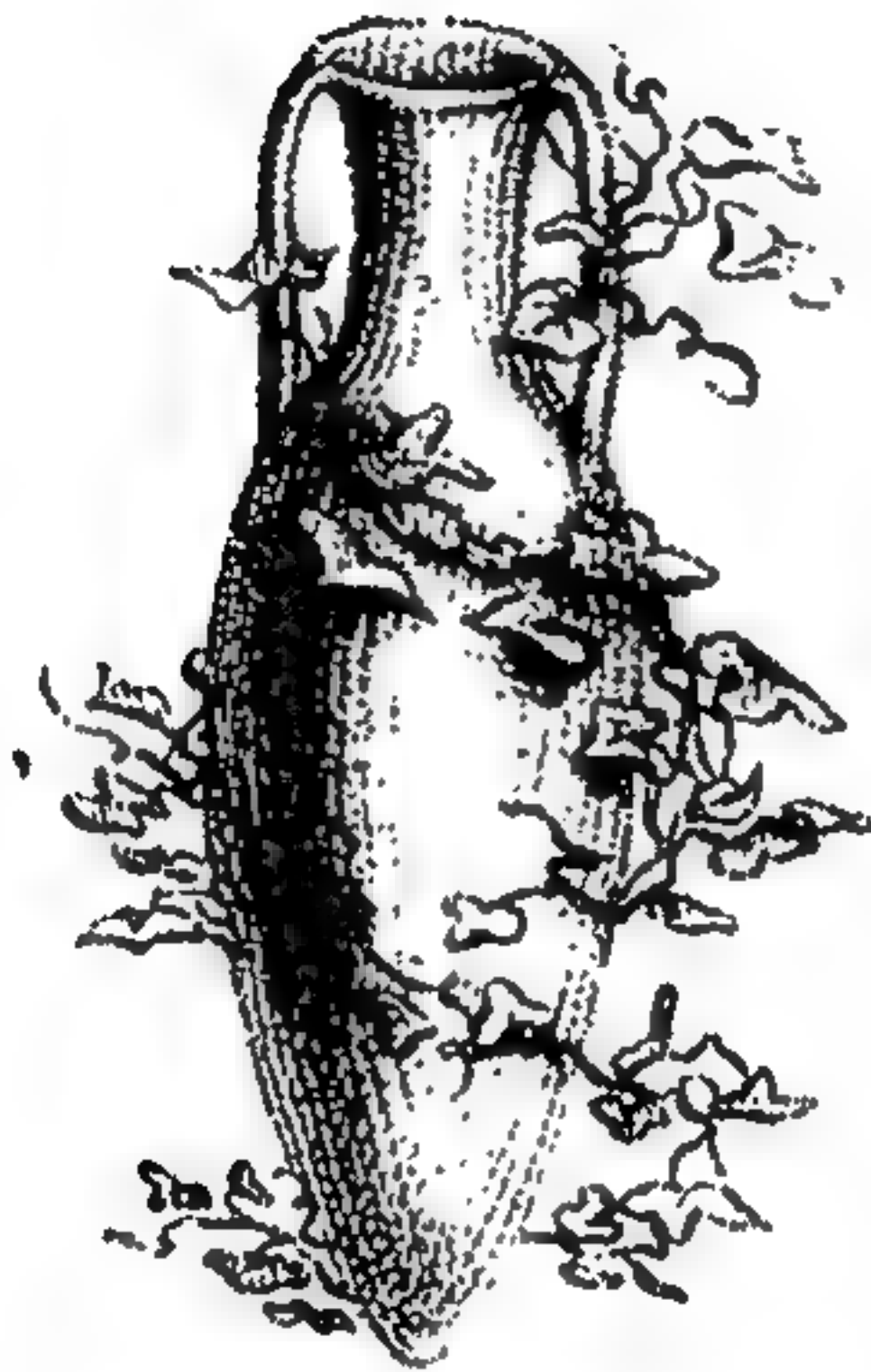
Yet there has nature spread the velvet green,
And shower'd fresh roses with no sparing hand ;
And modest art has deck'd the decent scene ;
And plenty smiles o'er all the cultured land.

* Dover.

† Lake of Geneva.

And there, on earth's cold bosom, faded lies
The hope and solace of my life entomb'd,
Torn from these trembling hands and streaming eyes;
Sorrowing to live relentless fate has doom'd.

To that dear, sad retreat, ah lead my way;
The well-known hills invite us to return;
There shalt thou strew with sweets my lifeless clay;
And there thy tears bedew my recent urn.



INTACTIS OPULENTIOR—

Though all the wealth of Hindostan were thine,
And all that commerce wafts to Thames's shores ;
Though high in air thy gilded turrets shine,
And parian columns guard the lofty doors ;
Not all thy gold, nor all thy wide domain,
Can keep one hour disease, or age, away ;
Sheath the keen arrows of obdurate pain,
Or snatch from Death's rude grasp his destined prey.

O happier far the wandering Scythian's lot,
In some green vale who rears his tented shed ;
No wish he knows beyond his humble cot,
And peaceful slumbers crown his harmless head.

When spring returns, he leaves the fenceless fields,
To go where fountains and fresh lawns invite ;
To other tenants nature's bounty yields,
Nor claims the soil, to all a common right.

With hard unequal eye, no stepdame there
Cheats the poor orphan of a mother's love ;
No titled wife disdains her household care,
Or seeks with wanton smiles new hearts to move.

Heir to the virtues of an honest race,
Rich in pure faith, and spotless chastity,
No vices there allure with borrow'd face ;
Nor crimes, though rare, from punishment can fly.

Remains there one in this degenerate age,
Whose patriot bosom pants for virtuous fame ;
'Tis his to stem the tide of hostile rage,
And long posterity will bless his name.

'Tis his, with fearless heart, and steady hand,
To save the state, mark'd for corruption's prey ;
Scorn the vile menace of the venal band,
And blast the traitor in the face of day.

From lust of gold, what nameless mischiefs flow ;
No meanness shames us, and no ties restrain :
For gold, friends, parents, country, we forego ;
Nor laws avail where base corruption reigns.

O could to earth descend the accursed ore,
Or hid in ocean's caves innocuous lie ;
Then might Astræa dwell with man once more,
Once more forsake her refuge in the sky.

See the young noble, reckless of his fame,
Selfish and proud, with base plebeian heart,
Boast his lewd triumph o'er the wedded dame,
Or ply with vile success the gamester's art.

His hoary sire, the while, in vice grown old,
Adds to the impious store with grovelling care ;
Each vice extinguish'd in the lust of gold,
He dies a wretch, to serve a thankless heir.

EPITAPH
ON
SIR BROOKE, AND LADY BOOTHBY,
IN ASHBOURNE CHURCH.

Here, blameless pair; with mild affections bless'd,
Beloved, respected, much lamented, rest!
Life's shelter'd vale, secure in peace, ye trod,
Your practice, virtue; your reliance, God.
Long days, long love, indulgent Heaven bestow'd,
And sweet content, to gild your calm abode:
Friends, who through life their faith unalter'd kept;
Children who loved, who honour'd, and who wept.
Heroes and kings, life's little pageant o'er,
Might wish their trophied marbles told no more.

EPITAPH

ON

MRS. HILL BOOTHBY,

IN ASHBOURNE CHURCH.

Could beauty, learning, talents, virtue, save
From the dark confines of the insatiate grave,
This frail memorial had not ask'd a tear,
For HILL's cold relicks sadly mouldering here.
Friendship's chaste flame her ardent bosom fired,
And bright religion all her soul inspired;
Her soul, too heavenly for its house of clay,
Soon wore its earth-built mansion to decay:
In the last struggles of departing breath,
She saw her Saviour gild the bed of death;
Heard his mild accents, tuned to peace and love,
Give glorious welcome to the realms above;
To those bright regions, that celestial shore,
Where friends long lost shall meet to part no more:
"Bless'd Lord, I come!—my hopes have not been vain!"
—Upon her lifeless cheek exstatic smiles remain.

EPITAPH

FOR

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Comest thou, brave youth, by kindred virtue led,
To explore the pregnant annals of the dead,
That bright example may inspire thy breast;
Arrest thy step: Here SIDNEY's ashes rest!

Does the sound vibrate through thy throbbing heart!
Glow thy warm cheek! do tears, indignant, start!
The omens hail: they mark thy strenuous mind;
The honest guardian of thy race design'd.

Approach; contemplate this immortal name;
Swear on this shrine to emulate his fame;
To dare, like him, e'en to thy latest breath;
Contemning chains, and poverty, and death.

Then go: and dauntless in thy country's cause,
Assert her rights, her liberties, and laws;
Unfading honours be thy glorious doom;
And tears, like those thou shed'st, bedew thy tomb.

But if this sacred name awake no zeal,
No generous ardour for the public weal;
Pursue thy way; nor vainly loiter here;
Thy tearless eye profanes the Patriot's bier.

SONNET.

TO THE AUTHOR OF NEEDWOOD FOREST.

Mundy, whose song has taught the forest swain
To view fair nature through the radiance clear
Of bright imagination ; taught the tear
To glisten in his eye for other's pain ;

And own that taste and virtue are not vain :
How was thy pipe, melodious, wont to cheer
The wintry grove, when every leaf was sear,
And brighten summer with its artful strain.

Say, by what mead shall Needwood court thy stay !
She, unsuspecting, weaves, with amorous care,
Thy favourite holly, and her flower-bells gay,
To deck with modest hand her lover's hair.
Soon shall she weep forlorn the livelong day,
With tresses discomposed, and bosom bare.

TO MARIA.

If every charm of beauty, grace, and youth ;
Each virtue that can warm the noblest heart ;
A female sweetness, join'd to manly truth ;
If these are form'd true passion to impart ;
Well dost thou then deserve this ardent flame,
For, oh, Maria, all my soul is thine ;
Let cold and tasteless breasts my passion blame,
What is their censure to a love like mine !
For thee, to all the world I bid adieu ;
With thee, I go, thy brother, lover, friend :
With anxious joy thy footsteps to pursue,
From ills to guard, from dangers to defend.
And, oh too loved, and lovely charmer, say,
Will thy kind heart my faithful love requite !
Shall those dear smiles illumine returning day ;
And sweet endearments cheat the wintry night !
To teach thee what is fairest, wisest, best,
Shall be my pleasing and incessant care ;
To chase rude passions from thy peaceful breast ;
And plant each grace and every virtue there.

TO MARIA.

Enamour'd of her work so fair,
On thee delighted Nature pours,
With boundless hand, and partial care,
Gifts from her choicest, richest stores.

Expression, colour, form, and grace,
In soft united beauty meet;
A soul, that beams upon the face,
Fit tenant of so fair a seat.

Sweet, simple, warm, sincere, and kind;
Of spotless innocence and truth;
A judgment clear, a sense refined,
And wise, with all the fire of youth.

SONG

Phyllis, so cruel, and so fair,
When beauty's pride shall pass away,
And time despoil your radiant hair,
And on that cheek no living roses play;

When in your glass you look in vain
For charms you there no more behold,
How will you wish (too late!) again,
A form as beauteous, or a heart as cold!

TO AFRA.

Spare, beauteous Afra, spare yon amorous boy,
Stretch'd at your feet, who languishingly lies;
And scorns, when absent, every youthful joy,
While your dear image fancy still supplies.

Too tender yet to bear the galling chain;
Wild, and impatient of the unpracticed reins;
Restore him, free to range his fields again,
And crop the flowery produce of the plains.

Pallas her fair unfinish'd work demands,
By envious Venus stolen too soon away;
Lo! each forsaken Muse dejected stands,
Through dangerous paths to see their truant stray.

Be thine the task to give him to their arms!
Ah, guide his steps to Thames's sacred grove!
Spread o'er his breast the Ægis of thy charms,
And shield him from the dire attacks of love.

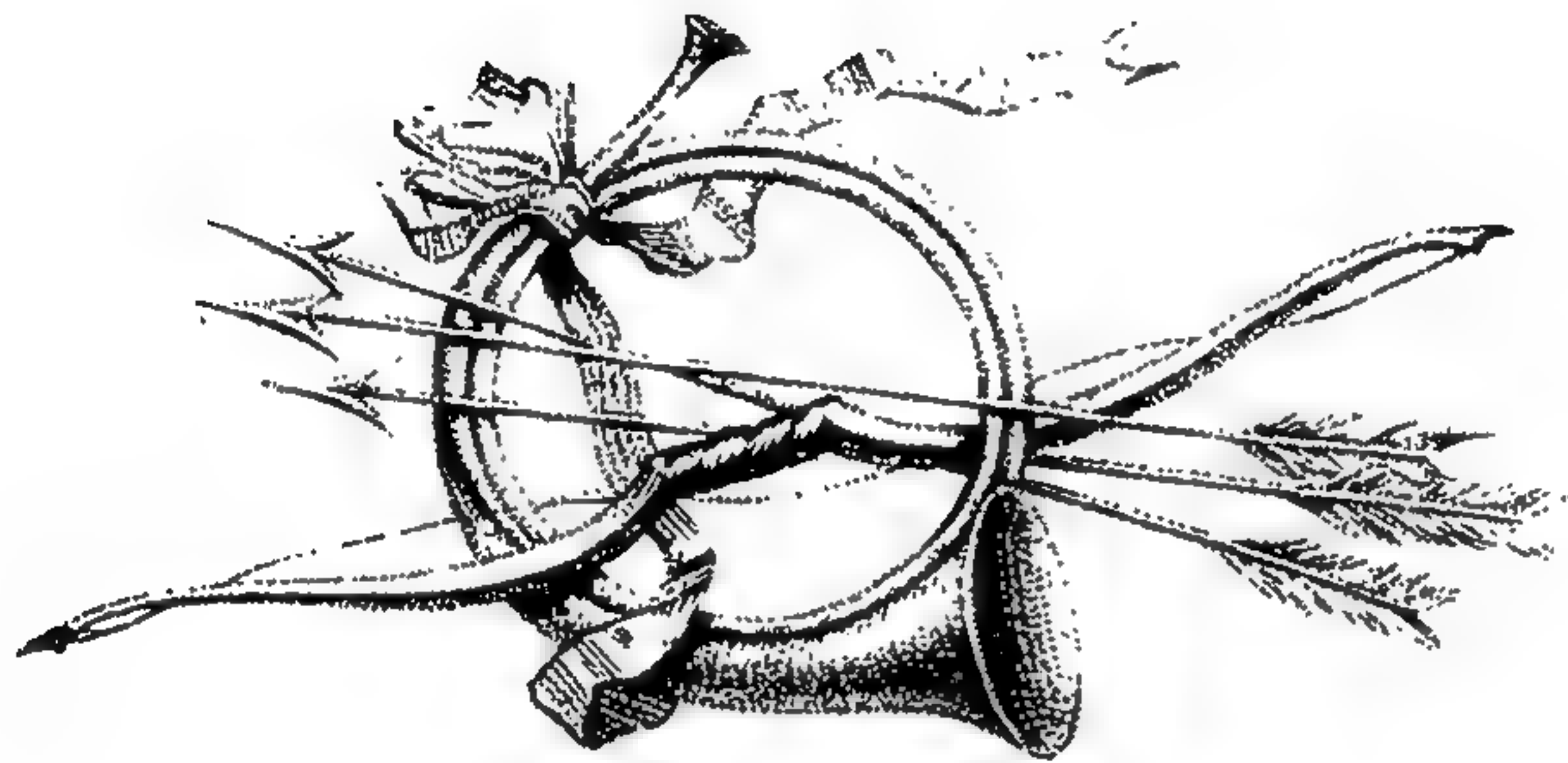
TO A LADY,

ON HER VERSES TO DISSUADE A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
FROM FIELD SPORTS.

Fair Venus thus, with anxious pain
Adonis warn'd, but warn'd in vain,
To quit the dangers of the field,
For those delights that love can yield:
Oft would the youth his sports delay,
To pass with her the rapturous day;
To higher joys he learn'd to live,
Joys such as Venus' self could give;
But still he to the woods return'd,
While she in sighs his absence mourn'd.

O, form'd to warm the coldest breast,
At once to bless and to be bless'd;
If you like her should sue in vain,
And but divided sway maintain;
If your Leander yield to-day
His heart and soul to love a prey,
And leave the next your sweet embrace,
For headlong transports of the chase,

It is but this sad truth to prove,
That no delights, not those of love,
Can always charm the restless mind,
Or in eternal fetters bind ;
From sweeter, to the new we range,
For pleasure but exists by change.



TO FLORA.

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST PAGE OF A CATALOGUE OF PLANTS.

Bright Goddess of the gay parterre!
O make these flowers thy darling care;
Luxuriant sweets profusely pour
Around this consecrated bower,
Where Graces move, unzoned and free,
And worship mild content, and thee.

Wake at Aurora's breezy call,
Ere dew drops from the lily fall;
With decent order by thy side,
O'er all the polish'd scene preside.
Let Pan, unenvied, love to dwell
In shadowy Needwood's tangled dell;
Unenvied, let the Naiad lave
Old Matlock with her amber wave;
Thy gentler reign shall please me more
Than frowning rocks, or torrents' roar.

Come, Goddess, come! and with thee bring
Each roseate blossom of the spring;
Assume sweet *Titia's* blushing beauty,
At dawn, to ply the pleasing duty;

Bend with chaste hand the *virgin flower* *

O'er the green trellis' arched bower ;

Then lightly range from bed to bed,

And raise the drooping flowret's head ;

With props the trailing tendrils stay,

And lop the straggling branch away ;

Till each fair form, distinctly shown,

Shines with a beauty all its own.

Now, with dear *Fanny's* fairy grace,

Far off the squalling peacock chase ;

Then shut the gate, and trust the key,

My gentle *Bess*, alone to thee.

When angry storms deform the air,

Bid the rude blast my roses spare ;

And, O protect the softer race,

Housed in yon crystal's lucid case ;

Nor there let Winter's rugged form

Approach, his icy hand to warm.

So shall bright vernal wreaths be found,

To deck thy shrines, the seasons round ;

Within, sweet mirth perpetual flow ;

Without, perpetual summer glow ;

Gay months in sweet succession move,

And love, and spring, no contrast prove.

* Clematis.

CARMEN XI. AD LEUCONOEN. LIB. I.

*Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
 Finem Dî dederint, Leuconoë: neu Babylonios
 Tentâris numeros, ut melius, quidquid erit pati,
 Seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Juppiter ultimam,
 Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
 Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
 Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur fugerit invida
 Ætas. Carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.*

TRANSLATION. TO LEUCONOE.

Seek not (to know were vain,) to me or thee,
 What end the gods will give: Leuconoe, tempt not
 The gipsy's art: better, what comes, to bear!
 Whether more winters Jove affords, or this
 The last, that drives on shore yon angry sea.
 Be wise, decant your wine: in this short space
 Long hope restrain. Now, while we talk, life flies.
 Crop then to-day, and little trust to-morrow.

IMITATION.

TO CHLOE.

Forbear, dear curious girl, forbear,
Nor seek to know the distant day ;
While *future* hours arrest thy care,
The *present* steal unblest'd away.

To dwell on cureless ills, how vain,
Of man's weak sense the worst employ :
Foreknowledge doubles every pain,
And deadens each expectant joy.

Ah, rather crop the blooming hour,
Ere unenjoy'd it sadly fall ;
The fragrance of the faded flower
Regretful sighs could ne'er recall.

Prepared each fleeting bliss to taste,
And firmly to submit to sorrow ;
The wise to seize the present haste,
And to the gods entrust to-morrow.

ANACREON. ODE IV.

Beneath the citron's balmy shade,
On beds of fragrant lotos laid,
Let me in joyous ease recline,
And Cupid's self shall pour my wine.

Swift as the courser in the race,
Life passes with unceasing pace,
And soon what shall remain of me,
A little senseless dust must be.

Then, let no spicy garlands come
To mock the sadness of the tomb;
But *now*, O Cupid, haste and bring
The choicest odours of the spring.

My temples crown with many a flower,
And lead my Phyllis to my bower;
Drive care and sorrow far away,
And give to love and wine the day,
Ere we descend from cheerful light,
To silence, and eternal night.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF
HORACE IMITATED.

TO ERASMUS DARWIN, M.D.

My Darwin, studied in the ways of man,
Explain this contradiction if you can ;
Why each disdains the lot that fate has given,
And dares to murmur at too partial Heaven.
Whether blind chance prevented erring choice,
Or nice selection borrow'd reason's voice ;
Tell how, at once we envy and despise,
And discontent with pride can compromise.

Sick of the sea, or weary of the war,
The worn out soldier, and the batter'd tar,
Contemns the dangers he has never known,
And thinks all labours lighter than his own.
The lawyer, drudging through the dreary cause,
Curses reports, and precedents, and laws ;
Green fields and vacant hours his dreams delight,
The careless morning and the tranquil night ;
While the vex'd farmer sees his harvest drown,
And swears he'll bind his son a clerk in town.

Suppose some god to take them at their word,
And thus address the discontented herd:

“ Your wish is granted; each may change his stand;
“ Landmen shall sail, and sailors guard the land;
“ The lawyer to a snug retreat go down;
“ The country gentleman remain in town.
“ Hey, how you stand, what means that wondering face!
“ What, none at last desires to change his place!
“ Begone, ye murmuring crew; nor henceforth dare
“ To tempt our vengeance with each foolish prayer.”

But lest, with grave rebuke, my verse you deem
Too idly sportive for so sad a theme;
(Though truth a laughing face may sometimes wear,
And reason's self assume a playful air;
As the fond mother, when her darling's ill,
Conceals in flattering gold the nauseous pill;
Or the draught's salutary bitter hides,
By spreading sweetness o'er the vessel's sides;)
Jest laid aside, we'll treat this serious case,
With philosophick dignity of face.

Ask yon hard wretch, who barter man for pelf,
And deals in slaves less savage than himself,
Why twice five hundred leagues he annual sails,
To tempt on Africk's shores her poisonous gales;

Or ask yon Indian tyrant, harder still,
Who starves whole provinces his bags to fill,
Why, mild Britannia's temperate airs forgone,
He pants and sickens at the burning zone;
Both will reply, that, "like the industrious ant,
" They do but guard against the winter's want;
" While strength remains, in active scenes engage,
" To save a subsidy for helpless age."

But the wise ant, provided once her store,
Supplies her wants, nor madly seeks for more;
While you, your very lives to avarice sold,
Toil on till death, the sordid slaves of gold;
Ills you might cure, behold with harden'd eyes,
And scarce relieve your own necessities.

Wealth hoarded, like some vile excrescence shows;
Deforms and weakens as it larger grows.
See the pale wretch his buried heaps explore,
Afraid to steal one penny for the poor;
Like Tantalus, by reflux springs recline,
And o'er the stream with thirst eternal pine.

"Ay, but how great the pleasure," you reply,
"From ample stores our wants to satisfy."
If by your wants you govern your desires,
Nature, you'll find, no mighty hoard requires:

From my small farm my family is fed ;
And all your acres can but give you bread ;
A little spring the grateful draught supplies,
And Thames your own, it could no more suffice :
Nay, the clear rill affords a purer drink,
And there no torrents mine the treacherous brink,
Sweep with their banks their helpless lord away,
To swift destruction an unpitied prey.
“ But wealth, dear wealth, respect, esteem obtains ;
“ Gives virtue’s honours, and abstracts her pains ;
“ What each man *has*, he *is* ; and good, or great,
“ Are measured, not by merit, but estate.”
Go, ye who think that wealth can buy a name,
Explore a M——, or a B——t’s fame ;
Ask ruin’d minors, or defrauded lords,
Whence these derived their honourable hoards ;
Tell if the heirs of such you envy most,
Or Chatham’s, buried at the publick cost.

Of midnight thieves, and midnight fires in dread,
Anxious when up, and sleepless when in bed,
Suspecting child and servant, friend and guest,
Repose a stranger to the troubled breast ;
If these the blessings hoarded wealth can give,
Content, on little let me learn to live ;

For me, kind Heaven, reserve a happier fate,
And shower your riches on the wretch I hate.

“ But gold,” you say, “ will gain an humble friend,
“ O’er your sick couch obsequious to attend ;
“ The well-fee’d doctor save your precious life,
“ For your dear children and your loving wife :”
No ; taught by you, themselves their only care,
The expecting widow and impatient heir
With tearless eyes behold your end draw near,
And your recovery, not your exit, fear.
Relations, neighbours, servants, wish you gone,
Your wealth possess’d by your more liberal son ;
The beggar smiles to see your corse go by,
And hopes, at last, a little charity ;
No parting tear shall grace whom all detest,
In death unpitied, as in life unblest’d.

The happy art, wealth wisely to employ,
Lies in two words ; to give, and to enjoy :
Study betimes your real wants to know,
Then learn to share the blessings you bestow ;
Vain hopes, and false ambitions to restrain,
And boldly brave opinion’s giddy reign :
First for yourself, and next for others live,
Use what you want, and what you want not, give.

If bright example more than precept sway,
Go, take your lesson from the life of Day :*
Or Darwin thine, whose ever-open door
Draws, like Bethesda's pool, the suffering poor ;
Where some fit cure the wretched all obtain,
Relieved at once from poverty and pain.

“ What, would you then advise, like Foley's heir,
“ To squander all, and nothing keep, or spare ?”

No ; in the medium virtue safest lies,
And wisdom all extremes abhorrent flies ;
Alike the fool, who no wild wish refuses,
Or fool oppress'd with goods he never uses ;
Alike who hoards, or dissipates his store ;
Who starves his creditors, or starves the poor ;
If prince, or gambler, king, or jew, you name,
Miser and spendthrift still are much the same.

Ye, who press on with such impetuous pace,
To pass the first in life's unequal race ;
To what last object do your labours tend !
What honours, what rewards, shall crown their end !
Drive your swift courser forward as you will,
Some luckier jockey shall o'ertake you still ;

* Author of Sandford and Merton, &c. who lived in great simplicity, and constantly employed the chief part of a large income in well-judged acts of beneficence.

Or grant you first; what, madman, would you have;
A tomb the trophy, and the goal a grave!
Wiser to travel with the humble throng;
Assist the weak, and guide the blind along;
To fate and fortune decently conform;
Bask in the sun, and shelter in the storm.

Why none contented with their place we find,
Is, because none will deign to look behind:
With richer, greater, still compare alone,
And with the poor all fellowship disown:
Hence emulation, enmity, and strife,
And all the little war of social life;
Hence envy, jealousy, ambition, pride,
And vanity's ten thousand ills beside;
Hence—but enough, methinks I hear you cry,
Horace knew where to stop—well—so do I.

THE
DEATH OF CLORINDA.
TRANSLATED FROM BOOK XII.
OF
TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To those who are unacquainted with the original poem, it is necessary to premise, that Tancred is there represented as desperately enamoured of Clorinda; and also that Godfrey had caused a machine of war to be constructed, with incredible labour, by the means of which the city of Jerusalem had been attacked, and wellnigh taken. The time of the following episode is the night subsequent to that attack.

The translator has endeavoured to keep close to the sense and expression of the original.

ARGUMENT.

Clorinda learns the story of her birth.

Arrives unnoticed in the Christian camp:

Some glorious act resolving to achieve,

She seeks her own destruction: by the sword

Of Tancred falls; who gives her baptism,

And weeps her death with many a bitter tear.

THE
DEATH OF CLORINDA.

Her silver-tissued scarf, her glittering crest,
And burnish'd arms Clorinda lays aside ;
And, O sad omen ! in their stead assumes
A black and rusty mail ; and on her head
Places a plumeless helmet : thus conceal'd,
Thinking to pass unnoticed to the foe.

Meanwhile, alarm'd, old Arses watch'd the change ;
Arses, the guardian of her infant years,
Whose aged steps still follow where she treads ;
Watching, he trembles. By his hoary head,
By all his wakeful hours and ancient service,
He prays her to suspend her dread intent :
With soul unmoved she hears, resolved and firm.
“ Since then,” he cries, “ that fierce obdurate breast,
“ Insensible to danger, scorns advice ;
“ Since nor my weary age, nor pious cares,
“ Nor prayers, nor these sad tears, can pity move ;
“ List, ere thou go'st, to what I now unfold ;
“ The secret of thy birth ; that known, resolve
“ To hear my council, or pursue thine own.”

In dumb attention fix'd, her eye, full-orb'd,
She bends on his; and thus the sage began:

“ King Senapes in Ethiopia reign'd,
“ With happy sway, where still perchance he reigns;
“ He and his swarthy nations all observe
“ The son of Mary's law. There I, a slave,
“ Unmann'd, consign'd to female works, obey'd
“ A royal mistress, Ethiopia's queen:
“ Though dark her hue, yet beauteous was her form.
“ Her husband loved her, but with jealous rage
“ His love was tainted; which increasing still,
“ At last he hid her from the eye of man,
“ And would have hid her from the eye of Heaven.
“ She, mild and good, yielded with humble grace,
“ And found her pleasure in what pleased her lord.
“ A picture of a sad and sacred tale
“ Adorn'd her chamber walls; a dragon fierce,
“ Approaching to devour a lovely maid,
“ Was by an armed saint slain. Often there
“ The pious queen would kneel in lowly guise,
“ Confess her secret faults, and weep and pray.
“ Meanwhile she grew with child, and gave to day
“ An infant fair as morn; that child thou art.
“ Soon as the beauteous prodigy she saw,

“ Her soul was sorely troubled. Much she fear’d
“ Her husband’s fury ; and at last resolved
“ To hide her child ; and in its stead to place
“ An Ethiopian girl, then newly born.
“ In the lone tower, where still she dwelt immured,
“ None but her maids, and I, her faithful slave,
“ Dared to approach her. To these arms she gave
“ The precious charge ; with strict command to fly
“ To some far country, and to nourish there,
“ In Christian rites, her child. But O, what tongue
“ Can tell her anguish ; how she wept and sigh’d ;
“ How she repeated still the last embrace ;
“ With tears and mingling kisses bathed thy cheeks,
“ And utter’d sad complaints, broken with sobs.
“ At last, lifting her eyes to heaven, she cries,
“ O God, who know’st the bottom of all hearts,
“ If mine has still been pure ; if naught unchaste,
“ In thought or deed, was ever harbour’d there ;
“ Not for myself I pray ; vile before thee
“ I know I am ; O, do but save this child ;
“ For whom no mother’s breast shall milk afford :
“ O let her live, and chastely live, like me,
“ But never know what now her mother feels !
“ And thou, celestial warrior ; who could’st save

“ A harmless virgin from the serpent’s grasp,
“ If at thy image these adoring hands
“ The humble flame have lighted ; if with gold
“ And fragrant incense e’er thy altar blazed,
“ Protect this infant ! let her turn to thee,
“ In all the dire vicissitudes of life !
“ Thus ending, senseless on her couch she sunk,
“ And o’er her face a deadly pale was spread.
“ Laid in a chest, conceal’d with flowers and leaves,
“ Unknown and unobserved, I bore thee off,
“ To the thick covert of an ancient wood ;
“ There a huge tigress, bursting from the brake,
“ Drove headlong towards us : straight, with fear o’ercome,
“ I scaled a tree, and left thee on the ground.
“ The furious beast rush’d on with thundering tread :
“ Shaking her crest superb, she turns on thee
“ Her fiery eyeballs. Soon, with soften’d looks,
“ In pleasant courteous act, she nearer drew ;
“ Kiss’d with her lambent tongue thy face and hands,
“ That smiled and sported with her terrible jaws :
“ Then gently by thy side she laid her down ;
“ Stretch’d her distended udder to thy lips,
“ Which, pleased, thou took’st. ’Twas sustenance and life.
“ In trembling admiration I beheld

“ The wondrous portent. Sate with her milk,
“ She left thee, to regain her native woods.
“ Again I took thee up; with quicken’d pace,
“ Pursued my way to a sequester’d vale,
“ Far from the haunts of men. There I nursed thee
“ Till sixteen times yon moon had fill’d her change;
“ Taught thy young tongue to lisp intelligent,
“ And thy small feet to form uncertain steps.
“ Life’s day declined, and helpless hours at hand,
“ Grown weary of a wanderer’s joyless course,
“ I languish’d to review my native fields,
“ Friends long foregone, the partners of my youth;
“ There to repose at last my languid age,
“ Till time should call me to the peaceful tomb.
“ We go, and towards rich Egypt bend our way;
“ Egypt, where first these eyes beheld the light.
“ Press’d by a band of robbers, we arrive
“ On a wide torrent’s brink. Dire was the choice!
“ My precious charge I could not think to leave,
“ Nor dared to stay. Into the stream I plunged:
“ Stemm’d with one struggling arm the dashing tide,
“ And in the other held thee; till we came
“ To the mid torrent, where two furious streams
“ In central eddies roll’d with violent force:

“ Suck’d in the whirling pool, ingulf’d, I sunk.
“ Thou, on the waters borne, and fann’d along
“ By favouring winds, sail’dst onward to the shore:
“ When spent, and lifeless, scarce I reach’d the bank,
“ On the soft sand I found thee gently laid.
“ At night, when all was hush’d in deep repose,
“ Methought an armed knight before me stood;
“ With eye severe, and threatening front he look’d,
“ And placed a naked sword upon my brow.
“ Then, with imperious accent, gave command
“ That I should straight obey thy mother’s will,
“ And give thee baptism. This child, he cried,
“ Is dear to Heaven, and my peculiar care.
“ I raised soft pity in the tiger’s breast,
“ And taught the raging flood humanity.
“ Woe be to thee, if thou neglect this charge!
“ It comes from Heaven! He said, and disappear’d.
“ Troubled, I woke: yet strong in approved faith,
“ I deem’d the vision vain. At early dawn
“ Our journey we renew’d. The dream forgot,
“ Spite of the queen’s commands, I bred thee up
“ In Mahomet’s law. Daily thou grew’st in strength,
“ Scorning the natural weakness of thy sex,
“ With valorous deeds acquired’st renown and wealth.

“ The rest thou know’st ; and thy adventurous course

“ How I have follow’d with a father’s care.

“ This day, at dawn, sunk in a deathlike sleep,

“ The same arm’d figure stood again before me.

“ With visage more disturb’d, and louder voice,

“ Felon ! he cried, the destined hour draws near,

“ Clorinda’s life and fate are in the scale !

“ Mine shall she be in thy despite ; for thee,

“ Long grief and late repentance be thy lot !

“ He said, and, frowning, melted into air.

“ Too surely some sinistrous, strange event

“ Threatens thy darling life. Heaven, perhaps,

“ Will’d not that thou forewent’st thy parents’ faith ;

“ That faith perhaps is true. O, I beseech thee,

“ Put off those arms, and calm thy valour’s rage !”

He ended, weeping : pensive and disturb’d

Awhile she stood, revolving in her soul

The wondrous tale. At length, with eye serene

And countenance composed, she thus replied :

“ That sacred faith, which thou did’st teach me first,

“ And now for a vain dream would’st teach to doubt ;

“ Suck’d with my nurse’s milk, and still believed,

“ Still will I trust ; nor e’er shall sordid fear,

“ To noble minds unknown, slacken this arm :

“ No ; not though Death himself, in his worst shape,
“ Should face me in the field, would I recede.”

With words of comfort then she soothed his fears.

And now the hour is come, when these high vaunts,
Shall by high deeds be proved. Forth she sallies
To meet the partner of her enterprize.

There too Ismeno comes, and urges on
Valour too prompt before. To each he gives
A case with sulphur and bitumen charged,
And fire in concave tubes of brass confined.

Shadow'd in night, their silent march begins,
With long and measured step ; till on they come
Where the vast engine lifts its threatening head.
Fresh ardour fires their breasts ; their spirits boil.
Forward they drive. The sentinels, alarm'd,
Challenge the countersign : no voice return'd,
To arms ! to arms ! re-echoes through the camp :
Nor longer now conceal'd, the generous pair
Rush on the enemy with resistless force.

As when a bomb, fall'n in a town besieged,
First lightens, then bursting with thundering noise,
Wounds earth and air, and scatters death around ;
To march, to come, to strike the embattled foe,
And pierce their squadrons, seem'd a single act.

Athwart a thousand swords, a thousand spears,
The place they reach. There, the imprison'd fire,
Loosed, first devours its aliment prepared;
Then on the catapult, its destined prey,
Hissing through air, alights. What words can paint
The horrible combustion! How the flames
Grow as they ravage; round the turret's sides
Writhe serpentine, and climb their lofty tops;
While clouds of smoke, involving darker fires,
Obscure the stars of heaven. By rising winds
Then driven, the flames with tenfold rage ascend,
Till one vast conflagration covers all.

Fear, at the sight, falls on the Christian host:
Appall'd, dismay'd, their arms they seize; meanwhile
With hideous crash the mighty engine falls:
Long labour's work in one short hour destroy'd!

Now towards the burning ruin quick advance
Two Christian squadrons: with menacing front
Arganto waits their coming; then the pair,
Close-rank'd, with slow pace towards the town retreat;
While gathering multitudes, like mountain streams
Swell'd by autumnal rains, drive on their rear.

The golden doors expand. The Sultan there,
Encircled by his knights, prepares to hail

The glorious warriors, for great acts achieved;
So bravely warr'd! so happily achieved:
The two leap on the threshold; and with them,
Forcing their way, enters a Christian band;
But these, by Soliman soon driven forth,
The portals close; and on Clorinda close!
For she, too eager to revenge a blow
From Arimon received, pursues, o'ertakes,
And punishes. Meanwhile the fierce Arganto
Her absence marks not; judgment, sight, and sense,
In night and noise, and warring throngs o'erwhelm'd.
But she, her wrath in vengeance soon extinct,
Returning to herself, sees the gates closed.
On every side by deep-rank'd files hemm'd in,
Gives all for lost: then, peril imminent
New wiles for flight suggesting, swiftly darts
Into the common throng, unknown, unseen.
As when a wolf, satiate with carnage, slinks
In silence from the fold, and seeks the woods;
So she, by darkness, and confusion's aid,
Hopes to escape. Tancred alone observes her;
He the sad fall of Arimon had seen,
And meditated vengeance; blood for blood.
A knight he deems her, worthy of his arms.

Now round the hill she winds, seeking to gain
The opposite gate: he follows still in view.
Arriving there, to enter she advances.
He rushes on. Sudden, the clash of arms
Strikes on her ear alert. She turns, and cries,
“What bring’st thou, coming with such breathless haste?”
Loud he replies, “combat and death I bring.”
“Combat and death be thine,” she quick rejoins;
“Thou seek’st them, and shalt find.” Then firm she stood.
The foe on foot, he from his courser leaps
(’Vantage disdain’d,) to meet in equal arms.
Swift their sharp swords they seize; anger and pride
Inflame their breasts; and to the fight they rush
Like two wild bulls, madd’ning with jealous rage.
Worthy the sun, worthy the eye of man,
Was this great conflict. Suffer then, O Night!
Who in thy black and obscure bosom hid’st
The valorous deeds, and buried’st in oblivion;
That thence I rescue them; to day restore;
And give to distant ages: let their fame
Immortal live; and their resplendency
O’er thy dark veil a glorious ray shall cast.
And now their circling swords, clashing in air,
Each on the other falls with dreadful clang.

No feigning here, no stratagems of fight ;
Now striking, now retreating, (skill, not force,)
Hurting, unhurt, to give, and to avoid ;
Darkness and rage make science impotent.
Firm on their feet they stand, while deadly strokes
Fall ceaseless on their arms ; or point or edge,
Piercing or smiting, not a blow falls vain.
Thrice the fierce Paladin has seized the dame
(No friend's embrace !) within his vigorous grasp ;
And thrice, with equal force, she shook him off.
Their swords again they gripe, and dye them fresh
With many a hideous wound. Strength could no more.
Faint, and exhausted with excess of toil,
Breathless, and leaning on their swords, they rest.

Now the last star glimmer'd with paler ray,
And ruddy streaks shot o'er the eastern hill ;
Tancred, exulting, sees his enemy's blood
Issue in copious streams ; himself scarce hurt.
O, still to fate how blind ! Fortune's vile sport
Is poor humanity ! O wretched man,
Thou little know'st how dear will cost thy joy,
Each precious drop paid with a sea of tears.

Eying each other, mute awhile they stand :
Tancred, at length, to her his speech address'd.

“ Since night and silence hide our valour’s deeds,
“ No eye admiring, and no tongue to praise,
“ I pray, if prayers in arms may be allow’d,
“ Reveal thy name; victor or vanquish’d, tell
“ By whom my death or conquest shall be graced.”
“ Vain is thy question,” fiercely she replies;
“ I answer not: suffice it thee to know,
“ One of the two I am who fell’d the tower.”

Fired with her words, indignant, he returns:

“ Ill hast thou said, discourteous infidel,
“ Equal in what thou tell’st and what conceal’st;
“ And vengeance draw’st on thy devoted head.”

Anger, in lieu of strength, new nerves their hands;
On feet infirm to combat they advance;
Nor art, nor force, sole rage maintains the fight;
Wide wounds they carve where’er their swords can reach,
And life by shame alone seems held within.
As, vex’d with tempests, the Egean deep,
When Aquilo and Notus cease to rage,
Still roars, lashing her angry waves along;
So these; their force though spent, their hate remains;
Blow following blow with unremitted rage.

But now Clorinda’s fatal hour was come.
On her fair bosom Tancred points the steel,

Where entering deep, it drinks the vital blood.
The silvery vest, cincturing her breasts of snow,
Receives the tepid stream: languid, she sinks;
And thus in sad and dying notes complains.
“ Friend, thou hast conquer’d; I forgive the blow,
“ And beg of thee forgiveness: not, alas!
“ For this frail body, that no more can fear,
“ But for my soul! O join thy prayers to mine,
“ And with baptismal water wash my stains!”
By some strange sweetness in these plaintive sounds
He feels his heart subdued, his rage disarm’d,
And drops of pity gushing from his eyes.
Near to the place, a pure and limpid rill
Down from the rock ran murm’ring; thither sped,
Intent to celebrate the holy rite,
He fills his helmet from the living spring.
Advancing to remove the vizor, closed,
That hid the stranger’s face, he felt his hand
Tremble: sudden, unloosed, the vizor falls.
Silent and motionless, he sees, he knows.
O fatal knowledge! O heart-rending sight!
Yet dies he not: his spirit reassumed,
He stems the tide of grief; with steady voice
Performs the solemn sacrament; and gives

Eternal life to her his hand had slain.
Immortal hope and joy spring in her breast;
Her pallid lips celestial smiles illumine;
And though her tongue is mute, she seems to say,
"Heaven opens to my view; I die in peace."
As with the lily's lustre, the dim violet
Mixes its livid hue, o'er her bright cheek
A deathly white suffuses; up to Heaven
She turns her suppliant eyes; and Heaven looks down
In mild accord to her pious prayers.
She stretches her cold hand in pledge of peace;
And sinks in death as in a gentle sleep.